



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMEND."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. EDITOR.

IN your last week's Hive, was published a piece signed "*Valerius*," which, although it may contain many very useful truths, shall never receive my approbation *in toto*. It is true, I am neither a *philosopher*, nor a *learned* man; yet thank God I have sufficient Philosophy to know that I have both a soul and body to save, and sufficient learning to discern justice, in *equality* of rights. Impressed with these truths, and very desirous of securing both my soul and body from harm, I trust I will never be so rash as to adopt the infidel doctrine of Hume, or yet so servile as to follow that of Berkley. But as I have ever been attached to *freedom and equality*, I most cordially concur, in denouncing all *marriages*, all *promises* and all *laws* that may restrain the natural freedom of man, as the base contrivance of *learned and designing* men. Nature is certainly man's best guide. It is from her, he derives his existence—It is from her, he derives his rights. And as men by nature are all born equal; why, I would ask, should there not be equal rights—why not perfect freedom and equality. Surely this, and this alone is liberty. But can there be any liberty in being continually fettered by the laws?—Can there be any liberty in being compelled to perform our promises? In being eternally bound down to one wife. If there can, I confess I am at a loss to know in what liberty consists—and yet I am very well assured from *experience*, I have enjoyed little real liberty this twenty years, for I have been tied down to a devil of a wife, who is continually scolding and quarreling with me or some one of the family—and what can I do? She is my wife—I cannot turn her off, and take another. Oh! No! Cruel—cruel indeed, are the restraints of marriage. I also know from experience (for I have no *learning*) that I have been often compelled to perform my promises, very much against my inclination indeed—and still more shocking to liberty, have been more than once thrown into public prison. And yet after all this, will it be said that these are not

restraints upon man's liberty? Why such an absurdity as this refutes itself. *Experience and common feeling*, teach us that they are restraints upon the natural freedom of man. "It is as plain as that twice two is four; the one cannot be believed without believing the other." Mr. *Valerius* may term this *modern philosophy* if he will. It is the philosophy I like. I would have all things reduced to the freedom and equality of nature. Otherwise I contend there is no freedom; there is no equality. Why, the devil a bit of freedom have I.—My wife exercises over me all the authority of a tyrant; makes me do this, bids me do that &c. so that I am almost a perfect slave. Away then, with your freedom, if marriages are to remain inviolable; there is then an end to liberty. As yet however I have this consolation in store; that this restraint with many others will be done away next session by our assembly, many of whom I doubt not have wives as well as *myself*. It will I think Mr. Editor be a sub, very fit for the deliberations of so honorable a body. I understand they also intend to abolish the laws. What a blessed thing that will be—then we shall be free and *equal* indeed; we shall then have nothing to fear from *learning and learned* men. Then we shall be no longer subservient to the *rich* and the *powerful*; no longer bound to perform our *promises*. And then—Oh! 'tis then, I shall get rid of the greatest pest of all my life—my wife.

CIVIS.

FOR THE HIVE.

To Miss SALLY NEEDLESS.

DEAR MISS,

I PRESUME you have a greater passion for a cat than a husband; the time for the former is arrived, that for the latter is past. Your menaces certainly rouse apprehension of danger; and as threats of women, particularly those of old maids, are generally executed with a force equal to their virulence, and a violence proportioned to their object, —I already tremble at the approaching storm, and in hopeless despair seek for shelter.

It is true, if there be on the one side an

exposition of foibles and follies, whilst on the other, there is a disclosure of vice and immorality, the balance must bear against us. That ladies are apt to glide into folly, and men fall into vice, is a melancholy truth which every day confirms. It is a weakness warped in our constitution, and necessarily follows from the imperfection of our nature. To guard against both, is a duty which reason dictates and good sense enjoins. It may be said, all follies are not vices, whilst all vice is folly. Few acts are indifferent;—all are either virtuous or vicious. Those are virtuous which tend to the general welfare and happiness of mankind; and those vicious which mediately or immediately produce discontent, uneasiness or misery.

If then the charge be true, "that the ladies of Lancaster" wantonly "criticise," and inhumanly wound, by ridicule, those that may be thrown in their company,"—the charge is not a charge of folly;—it is one that strikes at the root of all social intercourse, and greatly abridges the pleasures of society. Remember, the arrows of criticism and ridicule fly with velocity, but often strike the plank of good sense, and rebound with deadly force upon the drawers of the bow.

Yours lovingly,

TOM CARELESS.

To the Honorable TOM CARELESS.

DEAR SIR,

MISTAKE me not for an "Old Maid." I have neither a desire for a "cat," pig, squirrel or mouse—I have yet a different ambition, and humbly hope my youth, beauty and accomplishments, entitle me to a nobler pet—a husband. I am happy to find that you are coming upon more liberal and general grounds in your observations. You say young men are "liable to fall into vice." Perhaps we differ in our opinions in what vice consists. If we do not, I am induced to believe that our *yo*ths are, at least many of them, not only "liable," but have already—"fallen." Arise from their fallen state, may we deduce the reason why severe, though just remarks are often made; and why some have not received those marks of

attention and politeness, to which they think they are entitled.

Mr. Careless, do you not think that a young man, in the pursuit of science, or engaged in any other occupation in which he hopes to be proficient, and by which he intends to establish his character and rear a family, lessens himself in the estimation of an amiable lady, more, by drinking a single glass of French Brandy or Holland Gin, than a lady does in the eye of the world, by the thousand little faults, that are daily thrown out against her! Do you not believe that there is more to be fear'd from a single act of drunkenness, than a naked elbow in a "raw winters day?" These are single acts.—What are we to say, when we know that the shame attendant upon the act, is wiped away by the deed; and the danger forgotten, in the repetition of the crime. At the sight of every tavern a mother should weep, and sister drop a tear. View with horror the youths that sacrifice themselves at the shrine of Bacchus. "The anxious hopes of guardian fathers disappointed, and the mild expectations of fond mothers blasted." And where are the resorts of our youth? The taverns. The essence of juniper is their perfumery, and strong brandy the cradle, that rocks them to repose. How often do they frequent our company stupefied with fumes of the brewery, and bewildered with the juice of the grape. Hence they often fail in receiving due attention and respect. These are bold assertions; but my weapon is truth, and my shield is justice.

If I again take up my pen, I shall not stop until I go through all the deeds of the children of Bacchus. Their gambling tables, their orgies, night revelings, and morning drams. You yourself Mr. Careless, be on your guard. I shall observe your movements—though I am always Heedless, I am often watchful.

Yours truly,

SALLY HEEDLESS.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

Nunc ego mitibus  
Mutare quare tristitia; dum mihi  
Fias recantis amica  
Opprobrius, animique reddas. Hor.  
To Miss HEEDLESS.

THE justness, yet severity, of your remarks must be acknowledged. I now readily and with pleasure recant whatever I may have suggested against the fair sex of our town. It is probable my injury was the creation of my own brain; and as I am sometimes a little nervous, which is often increased by the draughts of—, my Quixotic imagination led me to believe that others were speaking "daggers," whilst I was using them myself. I am determined

not only never to take up my pen to scribble against the ladies, but also never to give credit to the scurrilous and insipid remarks of others. Neither will I any longer drink gin twist in the morning, nor brandy toddy in the evening. I further sincerely hope, our youths will not attempt to reform the opposite sex, until they first work out their own reformation.

"Let such teach others, who themselves excel,"

"And censure freely, who have 'acted' well."

Your affectionate and recanting  
TOM CARELESS.

P. S. I should be happy in your correspondence upon some other subjects. You say, you are young; I desire a more intimate acquaintance. Please, the next time you speak of your *beauty*, to inform me whether you are *rich*.

Yours

T. C.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

MR. McDOWELL,

#### REFLECTIONS ON SOLITUDE.

IN taking but a superficial view of solitude, the mind generally shrinks back, and considers it as gloomy, and pitiful to enter into. But upon a fair view, considering it without prejudice, there must be an assent in every mind, to its happy influence on life, and the benefits resulting therefrom. However, before I proceed—let me be understood, that I do not conceive solitude to consist in a renunciation of all intercourse with society, and to dwell in "some boundless contiguity of shade," where human foot-steps never tread, or spin out our days in some lonely cavern, or sequestered cottage, where only chance, or curiosity, may lead a mortal's way:—(this would rather be a rigid self-banishment than a sweet solitude)—but that it may be as fully enjoyed in the most populous city, as in any other place whatever; for it is not the *place*, but the *mind*, which forms a solitude of *real enjoyment*—and that, only in proportion as we renounce all frivolous and unsage-like intercourse with man, and that which stops in us the progress of that most valuable science—the *improvement of the mind*.

Man, when he enters into solitude, looses those shackles which binds his mental powers to the hurry and bustle of the world; and a field opens to him for the most rational and sublime contemplation. Here he can review life in its various rounds, uninfluenced by prevailing custom; and with the sedateness of profound philosophy lay down plans on the surest basis, to modify his future life with that propriety which bespeaks a noble and elevated soul;—teach mankind to be happy: and lead the way.

It is in solitude, that every exalted passion becomes disencumbered, and capable of soaring on the wings of sublime meditation "through nature up to nature's God;" and to form right conceptions of the eternal Spring, from whence issues all the bliss which man enjoys. The great and good Dr. Blair, says of solitude, that, "the man of public spirit has recourse to it, in order to form plans for general good; the man of genius, in order to dwell on his favorite themes; the philosopher, to pursue his discoveries; the saint, to improve himself in grace." These words convey a demonstrative force to the liberal heart, of what advantage solitude is to man.

In solitude, the *mind* can be formed for the most refined taste, and enlarge the field of thought; soaring above the vulgar pursuits of life, such pleasures may be enjoyed as are unknown to little and frivolous minds. Who is it that can say they are as *happy* in spending their *time* in the vulgar objects of life, as what they would be in pouring over the enlightened pages of the sage, and drawing therefrom a judicious fund to increase his knowledge, that he may leave behind him some useful monuments of his studies and genius, to improve posterity, and lead them to the blessings which may be enjoyed in solitude.

Time rolls on, and ought to be improved; for God deals not out time to be murdered: a moment misimproved is a moment lost forever. By joining with the gay and inconsiderate part of man, and acting as they do, we receive their hand of cordial fellowship—but not *that* of the judicious, whose mind seeks study and wisdom in the paths of solitude; and know how to count up the value of well improved time.

How beautiful are the following lines of a lady on solitude:

O SOLITUDE! thou friend to roving thought,  
Time's best interpreter, with wisdom fraught,  
With my own mind conversing, calm and free,  
I find society enough in thee;  
Thy stillness helps my memory to retrace  
Past joys; to recollect the time, the place,  
Where once my favor'd hours serenely flow'd,  
And blest experience led my soul to God."

How happy would it be for the female world, were they as much in love with *solitude*, as this excellent young lady; and could say with her of it, "*I find society enough in thee*." Yet I know of them, peace to their retreats from the world, who can happily use such language.

WILTON.

(To be continued.)

From Smellies philosophy of natural history.

THERE is not a law established among organized bodies which seems to be so universal, as that all of them grow, or augment in size, after birth, till they arrive at

maturity. If a hen were to bring forth an egg as large as her own body, and if this egg, when hatched, were to produce a bird of equal dimensions with either of the parents, it would be considered as a miracle. But the Spider-fly, so denominated from its figure, affords an example of a similar prodigy. This fly actually lays an egg, from which a new fly is hatched that is as large and as perfect as its mother. This egg is roundish, is at first white, and afterwards assumes a shining black colour. Upon a more accurate examination, however, this production was found to be an egg only in appearance, when the envelope is removed, instead of a gelatinous substance, the new insect, furnished with all its members, is discovered. But this discovery does not render the fact the less wonderful. All winged insects undergo their different transformations after being expelled from the bodies of their mothers, and receive great augmentations of size before their metamorphosis into the nymph or chrysalis state, after which their growth stops. But the Spider-fly affords an instance of an insect transformed in the belly of its mother, and which grows no more after it escapes from its envelope. This fact is fully authenticated by Reaumer, Bonnet, and other naturalists.

#### PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

*From Bartran's travels.*

ON a sudden, an Indian appeared crossing the path, at a considerable distance before me. On perceiving that he was armed with a rifle, the first sight of him startled me, and I endeavoured to elude his sight by stopping my pace, and keeping large trees between us; but he espied me, and turning short about, set spurs to his horse, and came up on full gallop. I never before this was afraid at the sight of an Indian, but at this time I must own that my spirits were very much agitated: I saw at once, that being unarmed, I was in his power, and having now but a few moments to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation; my mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreaded foe with resolution and cheerful confidence. The intrepid Seminole stopped suddenly, three or four yards before me, and silently viewed me; his countenance angry, and fierce, shifting his rifle from shoulder to shoulder, and looking about instantly on all sides. I advanced towards him, and with an air of confidence offered him my hand, hailing him, brother; at this he hastily jerked back his arm, with a look of malice, rage, and disdain, seeming every way disconcerted; when again looking at me more attentively, he instantly spurred up to me, and with dignity

in his look and action, gave me his hand. We shook hands and parted in a friendly manner, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; and he informed me of the course and distance to the trading house, where I found he had been extremely ill treated the day before.

#### MISS McDOWELL.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman residing in Lycoming county, to his friend in Carlisle, dated at Harrisburgh 20th July, 1803.*

"The Post before I left Lycoming brought a letter from the Mr. Coltman whom I mentioned in one of my former letters, dated from Niagara 16th June last, to Mr. Grier, stating, that there is a young lady living about 6 miles from thence, who says she was at boarding school with Miss McDowell at Montreal three years.—That a Mr. Forsythe, a gentleman of great respectability of character, had passed through that place a few days previous to his arrival there, who said in that place he was well acquainted with Dr. John McDowell, formerly of Montreal, that about three years ago he emigrated from Montreal to Kentucky, that he left behind him his only daughter in the care of an aged aunt, who is since dead, that last winter a person did arrive from Kentucky at Montreal to conduct this daughter back to her father.

"Mr. Coltman was on his way to Montreal and promised that on his arrival there he would forward to Mr. Grier authentic information on the subject."

#### A MARRIED MAN.

THE felicity of a married man never stands still; it flows perpetual, and strengthens in its course. It is supplied from various channels, and depends more on others than himself. From participation proceed the most extatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the most gentle, the most polished, the most beautiful part of the creation, the mind of a married man is harmonized, and his manners softened! His soul is animated with the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and universal benevolence, mix in all his ideas. His habitation is an earthly Heaven—his wife an angel, and his children seraphs. They approach him with joy, and he meets them in a rapture.

Plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen smiling at his board; generosity is the porter of his mansion, and joy the president of his festivity! When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one Heaven to another; and his children, who close his eyes on earth, meet them open again in eternal happiness.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

Mr. McDowell,

THE scribblers who have written so vindictively against the ladies of Lancaster, ought to have the manliness and candor to acknowledge that those ladies are, in general, fully equal if not greatly superior in all the accomplishments of mind and person, as well as in propriety of behavior and conduct, to that wretched race of pragmatistical beaux and self-conceited coxcombs, who now stupidly revile the better part of creation. J.

#### MORALIST.

The number of DUELS that are now fought prove the sad depravity of the times, and of the little sense men have of another world. "If every one that fought a duel," says Addison, "were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these men of imaginary honor, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

"When honor is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged; but when the dictates of honor are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravation of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable, and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society."

*The mind absorbed in study.*

Frederick Morel was employed in translating libraries, when he was informed that his wife, who had been long unwell, was suddenly taken extremely ill, and wished to speak with him. I have only two sentences to translate, after that, I'll go and see her. And second messenger announced to him that she was dying. I have only two words to finish, said Morel; return to her, I shall be there as soon as you. A moment afterwards he was informed that she was dead. I am very sorry for it, said he: she was a good woman: and he continued his translation.

In the following LOVE COUPLET, there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there are in many most moving love songs.

"I look'd and lov'd, and lov'd and look'd, and look'd and lov'd again!

But look'd and lov'd and lov'd and look'd, and look'd and lov'd in vain."

## POETRY.

MR. M'DOWELL.

Inclosed you have a fancy sketch, written for  
THE HIVE, by DAMON.  
8 Aug. 1803.

## BANKS OF CONNESTOGOE.

ADIEU, ye muse-alluring Banks !  
Accept your fondest poet's thanks ;  
More active scenes he soon shall find,  
But oh my Delia stays behind !

When Delia steps your verge along,  
The winding Stream may wake her song ;  
Its murmur sweet, rocks, heights and shade,  
Shall charm the mild, accomplished Maid.

Let birds diffuse the lively lay,  
Bright fishes leap, in rambling play,  
The blossoms wild, the evening breeze,  
My gentle Nymph shall sweetly please.

While Spring invites the beauteous Maid,  
And fragrant Nature all displayed ;  
Soft let the language of the dove,  
Attune her tender heart to love :

..... vernal scene, which woe beguiles,  
Shall thus improve each female grace ;  
I see her dimples flow in smiles,  
And float about her lovely face.

I first essayed, when captive made,  
Quite to forget my Delia's name ;  
I waited long for time to aid,  
Time waved his wings, and fanned my flame.

Tempt not, green Banks, at moonlight hour,  
The dew might chill that tender Flower ;  
Your charms to me were always new,  
Bloom for my Fair, sweet Banks, adieu.

No more, my Muse your bloom shall sing,  
Or wait a thought with easy wing ;  
Still to this plaintive note confined—  
But oh, my Delia stays behind !

## FOR THE HIVE.

## FRAGMENT.

EARTH smiles around, the sun with vital beam  
Springs from the rosy chambers of the east ;  
The birds send forth their sweetly warbled notes  
From ev'ry spray : The flow'r-besprinkled lawn  
Sends up a gale of fragrance—which exalts  
Disease and languishment to rosy health.  
The verdant hills and vallies smile around,  
And all, but dark despair, delighted sees  
The beauteous scene. But what to me the bloom  
Of op'ning paradise, and rural joys !  
For'd to relin'uish all those blissful scenes,  
The charms of nature, and the dearer joys  
Of love and female sweetness, to exhaust  
My joyless hours in distant barbarous climes,  
Distant alike from happiness and joy !  
Enchanting maid ! thou idol of my soul !  
In thee my joy was center'd, thee I mourn ;  
Lost, sadly lost, to my desiring eyes,  
Which vainly strain each optic nerve to reach  
Their dear, their only object of delight,

In which so lately, so supremely blest,  
In thy embraces " I forgot all care,  
" All seasons, and their change ;"—while blest with  
thee,

E'en winter's self grew pregnant with delight :  
And now without thee, e'en the vernal bloom  
Appears in sickly languor on my sight.  
Fortune ! exert thy most tyrannic sway ;  
Depriv'd of her whose love was more than life  
Whose looks were harmony, whose voice was joy—  
And hither than music dwelt upon her tongue,  
I scorn thy favours, and despise thy frowns.

PHILO NATURA.

From Springer's (N'London) Weekly Oracle.

## HANS'S LETTER TO NOCHIE.

MINE Got vat wose does Hans se feel,  
Vile lufly Nochie is away ;  
Vat is de matter vat de deel,  
Does make you zo vorever stay.

I shleep none in de day nor nite,  
Mit such impashuns I doze burn ;  
Zo when de shell-drake wings her flite,  
Poor Frow she mourns vor his return.

Zo Owls mill hoot and cats mill mew,  
Und Dogs mill howl and horses neigh ;  
Und shall not I more anguis shew,  
Wile lufly Nochie is away.

A shacket I has lately bot,  
Und brokenbrooks so soft as silk ;  
Strip'd as your under petticoate,  
Und wite as any bootermilk.

Make hase mine deer und quickly cum,  
Mine Fader's goint to di you zee ;  
Und Yacup's got his fiddle home,  
Und we shall have a daring bee.

I fare zum Yankee vul of art,  
More cunnin as de very deel ;  
Vil get away yourn little hart,  
Zo as da mill our horshes steal.

If any wun you heart shool plunder,  
Mine horshes I'll to Vaggun yoke ;  
Und chase him quickly by mine dunder,  
I fly so swif as any spook.

When Yonk Vauttoosen my good friend,  
Shall cum to zee you where you be ;  
Dese scarlet garters I shall send,  
O die dem on and dink on me.

## An Apology for scolding.

Observe, fair Celia, all in all,  
Mild, beautiful and young ;  
'Tis true ; but then her mouth's so small,  
It cannot hold her tongue !

## SCRAP.

Malicious slander never would have leisure,  
To search with prying eyes, for faults a-  
broad

If ev'ry man consider'd his own heart,  
And wept the errors which he found at  
home.

## REPARTEE or COUNT DE—.

One very cold day in winter, the count de  
—visited his friend the chevalier de—  
who, to a ridiculous passion of being thought  
a great poet, added the tedious folly of  
reading his verses to every one who had the  
misfortune to fall in his way. The cheva-  
lier immediately took the count into a  
chamber, apart from the company, in or-  
der to read to him a very long poem he  
had newly composed ; having got through  
the performance, he asked the count his  
opinion of it—*My dear friend*, said the  
count, shivering with cold, for there was no  
fire in the chamber, *If there had been more  
fire in your verses, or more of your verses in  
the fire, I should not suffer as I now do.*

A merry writer in one of the latest peri-  
odical papers who is disposed to sneer at the  
stuffing of those fashionable stocks, appro-  
priately called poultices or puddings, thus  
advertises :—

## "NECK OR NOTHING."

"The curious in Cravats are informed,  
that Nicholas Van Neck has prepared a new  
and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, ca-  
pable of containing twelve shirts, and two  
suits of clothes. They are admirably con-  
trived, as in case of long sea voyages to  
Canton, the coast of Africa, or Botany-Bay, to  
include a complete matress, bolster, pillow,  
&c. Mr. Van Neck flatters himself that an  
object so big with many conveniences, will  
necessarily meet with due encourage-  
ment."

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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